

LAST EDITION.

THAT OUTRAGE

New Details in the Story of Little Tina Weiss.

No Just Grounds for Keeping Her from Her Parents.

A Large Part of the Community Aroused Over Her Commitment.

The Necessity of "The Evening World" Amendment Clearly Shown.

**THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.**  
(Special Cable to The Evening World.)  
The proposed amendment to the laws of New York, which has been introduced by the Legislature, and which has been the subject of much discussion, is now being considered by the Senate. The amendment is designed to prevent the commitment of children to the State House of Correction, and to provide for the care of such children in a more humane manner.

The Evening World gave an account yesterday of the manner in which little Tina Weiss fell into the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, about a year ago, and was committed to the American Female Guardian Society and afterwards sent out of the city for adoption, and told how the grief-stricken parents had vainly made every effort in their power to regain possession of the child or even to see her.

Further investigation of the case by THE EVENING WORLD's reporter shows conclusively that a great injustice has been done, and that the parents instead of being the respectable and worthless people the Court are sober and industrious and are well able to care for their children.

Mrs. Esther Solomon and her family, who live at No. 77 Suffolk street, have taken a great interest in the case from the beginning. Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Solomon's daughter, said to THE EVENING WORLD reporter:

"My husband knew Mr. Weiss in Russia, when they lived in the same town of Priboroff. When Mr. Weiss first came to this country with Tina he came right to my house."

"He told us that he had brought Tina over to have her educated, for there were no public schools in Russia, and that he was in a hurry to make money enough to send for his wife and his other child, Sarah, who was five years old at the time."

"As he was obliged to be away from home a great deal of the time, I wanted to take care of Tina, but he said his wife's aunt, Mrs. Harrison, wanted her and he had promised to leave the child with her."

"After he came home last winter and found Tina gone he came right here again, and I went with him the first two times he went to see the Society at Twenty-third street."

"We saw Mr. Jenkins, and he told us that we could not have Tina, and ordered us out. I tried to explain, but he said Mr. Weiss was a bad man and got so mad that I was afraid to go there again."

"My mother went after that. It was a perfect home, for my husband had known Mr. Weiss for many years and was the President of the lodge to which he belonged."

Mrs. Solomon gave an account of one of the visits which she had paid to the Society in company with Weiss before his wife was brought over.

"It was always the same thing," she said. "We could not say a word, and that man with his black eyes and his nose broken, acted roughly towards us every time we went there. He told Mr. Weiss to bring this and that, and he would bring his child, and finally said if he would bring his wife over from Russia he would have Tina up."

"When she came he was awful cross and talked so loud that Mrs. Weiss began to cry. You needn't talk and you needn't cry," he said. "You can't see the child and that's the end of it."

"Another time a man with a red mustache told Weiss to bring his certificate of marriage and his certificate from his lodge, which he did, and they kept both."

"The marriage certificate was a translation from the original in Hebrew. When I saw that I could not get any satisfaction I went to a friend of mine who is a lawyer and he said he would try and get Tina out."

"We had to go to court several times and finally told us that they would give the child up in a month if we would wait. The Society sent a man around to see the people."

"At the end of that time, it was last October, I went up to Twenty-third street with Mrs. Weiss."

"As it was Mr. Gerry who made the promise, we asked to see him. Mr. Jenkins came out of the back room."

"What are you here again?" he said. "Get right away. I won't listen to you. You are too fresh. You make me tired."

"But," I said, "Mr. Gerry promised that the child should be given to the parents."

"He didn't say any such thing," said Mr. Jenkins, who then got very mad. "You can't see the child and you never can see her. Her father is a drunkard and abuses her."

careworn face showed the traces of her bitter grief.

"She was as plump and healthy-looking as any young German countrywoman you ever saw when she landed from the steamer last summer," said Mrs. Solomon, who accompanied the reporter.

"I never saw any one change so much in my life."

With Mrs. Solomon acting as interpreter, Mrs. Weiss told the reporter that when she first came here she lived with her husband and child for about two months, with the family Isaac Gensburg, who had come over with them in the steamer, on a lower floor in the same building.

She was waiting till her present rooms were vacated by the former tenants, and she was in the Gensburgs' room with my husband," she said, "when the agent of the Society came to see me in October last."

"It was a church holiday, and several of the other family were at home. A brother of Mrs. Gensburg was asleep on the lounge."

"When the man came in he said he was a committeeman from the Society, and he wanted to know who was the mother and father of Tina Weiss. I said I was the mother, and showed him my husband."

"Who is that man on the lounge?" he asked, and told him. The man went out without asking any more questions."

"At the Society, when I went there next time, they told me that my husband was drunk in the room. It is untrue. He was not a drinker, and Mrs. Gensburg's brother. He was only asleep."

Mrs. Weiss began to sob at the thought of her treatment by the Society people, and could not say anything more, and she went about her work again she tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to keep back the big sobs and to conceal her grief from her visitors."

Little Sarah, came home from school before the reporter went away. She is an uncommonly pretty child, with a bright, intelligent face, and is learning rapidly."

"The other one is a great prettier than this one," said Mrs. Solomon, "and you can see how hard it must be for a mother to lose such a beautiful child."

Among those in the neighborhood who vouched for Mr. Weiss's sobriety and respectability were Samuel Tokosky, the President of the Dinalgranger Brothers' Benevolent Society; Mr. Boehlhalter, the stove dealer at Norfolk and Grand streets; and Mr. Vetter, the clock manufacturer, of 95 Suffolk street, all of whom say that he is worthy and deserving, and that they know he is in no way responsible for the loss of his child, and that he ought to have it back again as he is fully able to care and provide for it."

Mrs. Kopelewich, who is in the wholesale jewelry business, has interested herself greatly in the case, and has obtained from her a number of ledgers and societies to assist her in reclaiming the child."

"She herself belongs to the Lady Foresters' Association, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Verein, a wealthy charitable association up town."

Besides these are benevolent lodges connected with the synagogue, and the Hebrew, Norfolk and Grand streets, and a dozen or more of which her father and friends are members."

A large fund will be raised to pay the case for Mr. Weiss, and a large number of Broadway merchants have pledged themselves to give support to the movement."

Mrs. Kapelewich thinks that the Society has been misled by the Society of St. Mary, never would have committed to allow so great an injustice as has been committed in the present instance to go uncorrected."

"She is willing to give grounds herself for the support of the child, and believes that if the authorities of the Society were informed of the real facts of the case they would not hesitate a moment to give Tina back."

"Mr. Weiss has been slandered by these agents of the Society, and the Society of St. Mary, who report to-day, and the law ought to give him some protection for his character, if it does take his children away from him."

"I never supposed until I heard of this case that such things were possible here. I am convinced that if the people know what power the Society of St. Mary has, they will not allow it to stand for a moment."

"I am prepared to push this case to the bitter end, and whatever money I can accumulate will be done. You may depend upon it that the matter will not stop here."

Lawyer H. F. Repper, who tried to get Tina produced in court on a writ of habeas corpus, said to THE EVENING WORLD reporter:

"I began proceedings in the Supreme Court last fall at the request of my client, Mrs. Solomon. As soon as the case came up, however, the judge ordered the child to be committed to the Society of St. Mary."

"The police magistrate was regular. I knew very well that I could do nothing, and after two or three adjournments I dropped the proceedings for fear that I would prejudice the case."

"I told Mr. Gerry and the counsel of the Society that I thought they had been misled in this case, and that a grave injustice had been done to the parents of the child."

"It was finally agreed between the counsel and myself that the child should be returned to the parents within two months, provided that the Society of St. Mary would agree to find that the parents had established themselves permanently and were proper people to have charge of the child."

"I told them that and they said they were waiting to get rooms in the house where they were then staying. I know that they did not get the child, but I have not been called upon to do anything more in the case."

"I regard the present law governing the cases of the commitment of children by police magistrates as a most unjust and tyrannical one, and there is not a fair-minded lawyer in the city who would not agree to it. Simple-minded people often go to a magistrate and make some complaint against their children, sign an affidavit without ever dreaming that they are surrendering their children to the Society."

"It is the same with the children who are found in the streets and gobbled up by agents of some society."

PHELPS HOME AGAIN.

The Vermont Statesman Returns to His Native Shore.

He Liked the Court of St. James but America Better.

He Was Just a Little Seasick, but Is Looking Well and Hearty.

The steamship Lahn, of the North German Lloyd line, arrived at her dock in Hoboken at 1.20 o'clock this afternoon. The first passenger to step on the gang-plank was Edward J. Phelps, Minister to the Court of St. James. Accompanying him were Mrs. Phelps and their son Charles, who has acted as his father's secretary during the latter's term abroad.

The first people to greet the Minister were the reporters.

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen," were Mr. Phelps's words as he stood on the dock. "And I am heartily glad to get back to America. Not that my sojourn in England has not been extremely pleasant, and I have not been treated with the utmost kindness and cordiality."

"Of course, I cannot state just why I returned ahead of time," he said, when asked why he was in England had not been treated with the utmost kindness and cordiality."

"In reference to the feeling in England regarding the Samoan imbroglio I would prefer not to say anything."

"I and my family were in the midst of the matter, and I do not propose to do so, as the change of Administration is so near at hand."

"I have not been offered the presidency of Columbia College yet, and so, of course, I can say nothing upon that subject."

"My leave of absence from Yale college has not yet expired."

"I and my family were treated royally by the English, every conceivable courtesy being shown us."

"But it's very pleasant to get home again. They told me that the steamer that the reporters would be after me the minute I landed. I replied that I should be only too glad to see them."

"I had a rather stormy trip over. We left Southampton a week ago last Thursday; so you see, I have taken us about nine days to get across."

"Were you at all seasick?" inquired our reporter, older than the rest.

"The minister laughed pleasantly, and his eyes twinkled as he replied, 'A little.'"

"I shall spend the next ten days or two weeks in New York, then I go direct to my home in Burlington," he continued.

"About my future movements, of course, I have laid no plans yet. But if I return to England it will probably be in an unofficial capacity."

"I made many warm friends there, and sincerely hope some time to see them again."

Mr. Phelps and the other members of the family were in the best of health.

The Minister wore an English cut suit of heavy materials and a thick cape overcoat. He wore his whiskers a la mutton chop, and his face had a healthy glow.

The party left in a private carriage for the city via the Hoboken ferry.

On board the same steamer were Mr. and Mrs. J. Staley Brown, formerly Mr. Hollie Garfield's private secretary.

Mrs. Garfield and her youngest daughter were on the pier to meet them.

MCKEE RANKIN'S HARD LUCK.

He Is Forced to Take the Poor Debtor's Oath in Massachusetts.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
BOSTON, Feb. 9.—The role of poor artist now being played by McKee Rankin in "The Runaway Wife" seems unfortunately to be appropriate to the actor.

He was summoned by several New York creditors to appear before Magistrate Berry here to make affidavit regarding his possessions.

He was closely questioned for three hours but any trace of real or personal property not absolutely needed by Mr. Rankin could not be found.

He took the poor debtor's oath and was promptly discharged. "The Runaway Wife" is a play that the signer is absolutely without possessions and is penniless beyond his actual needs."

LIST TO THIS TALE OF WOE.

A TOUCHING NARRATIVE OF UNREQUITED GENEROSITY.

AND A CONFESSION OF DEFEAT.

The "Evening Sun's" Philanthropic but Unpleasant Way of Pleading Its Circulation—Inability to Sell Papers Causes Them to Be Given Away by the Town and Sometimes They Can't Even Give Them Away.

Here's a tale of woe. If you can't sell papers what are you going to do about it? Give them away.

Well that is what the Evening Sun is doing. To pad out a rapidly sinking circulation this unhappy paper is distributing free thousands of papers daily.

Not only in New York is this highly philanthropic gift enterprise going on, but also in Brooklyn and Jersey City.

In order to obtain the exact details of this noble work of self-sacrifice (THE EVENING WORLD is ever ready to chronicle acts of generosity), a reporter took a west-side L train yesterday afternoon and started up town.

He alighted at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, the terminus of the route. A crowd of newboys were tumbling and skipping about waiting for EVENING WORLDS.

The reporter did not wait long. Suddenly there was a shout of "Here he is!" and the man with THE EVENING WORLDS came staggering down the steps with a large pile of papers on his shoulder.

In a twinkling all of the pile was gone, converted into cash. Pretty soon another man came down the steps with a load of Evening Suns.

Right and left they were shovelled out to the kids. There was no time wasted in counting for the boys could have all they wanted. But they didn't want them very much. In three instances the reporter saw them refused by the boys.

As fast as the newboys collared the papers the reporter collared them. Their names and addresses were gotten in less time than it takes to tell it.

"What are they doing, Johnny—giving them away?" asked the reporter of the first boy.

"Yes. We get 'em here every second night. Snap, snap, snap."

"Now, de people don't seem to want 'em," and the boy dashed off after telling the reporter that his name was Bernard McKune and his residence One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and Tenth avenue.

The other boys who had come given them yesterday are Johnny Smith, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and Tenth avenue; Richard McDonald, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and Tenth avenue; John Coffey, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and Tenth avenue; John Lawson, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and Tenth avenue; and William J. Brown, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and Tenth avenue.

Then the reporter sauntered up to the youth who was giving out papers. He had a bundle of papers in his hand, and he was looking at them with a serious expression.

"Here, take these, and let me get home," he said. "They're a freebie to you, youngsters."

"You're a freebie to me," said the reporter, making an entering wedge for the conversation that followed.

"Yes, dey are great kids," said the boy, giving them away.

"Yes," he answered with a laugh. "I shouldn't think there was much money in this."

"What do they send you up to give them out?"

"That's what he does."

"Who does?"

"Miller, the circulation superintendent."

"But why don't you sell them?"

"I can't sell 'em. THE EVENING WORLD has too big a circulation here. Why, when I come up to sell 'em I can't get rid of more'n a hundred."

"Do they give EVENING SUNS out anywhere else?"

"Yes, all over—Brooklyn, Jersey City, and all over this city."

WHO FIRED THE BOMB?

Brewer Stevenson Says It Was Done by Boycotters.

He So Reports to the Police and Asks for Redress.

More Damage Done to Neighboring Houses Than to the Brewery.

An excited crowd of men, women and children hung about David Stevenson's big brewery, at Fortieth street and Tenth avenue, this morning, and eagerly discussed the bold attempt made to wreck it with dynamite last night.

Mr. Stevenson was the coolest man in the vicinity.

He took an EVENING WORLD reporter from his office in the brewery building on the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Tenth avenue, around to Fortieth street, and there pointed out where the infernal machine had been placed.

The brewery takes up all the west side of Tenth avenue, from Thirty-ninth to Fortieth street, extending down both streets about two hundred feet in the direction of Eleventh avenue.

Sixty feet from Tenth avenue, on the south side of Fortieth street, there is a culch running from the sidewalk, through a passage built in heavy masonry, into the kiln-room.

There is an open space about four feet wide and seven feet deep between the sidewalk and the brewery.

The culch crosses the open space, and the masonry enclosing it rises from the bottom to the level of the street.

A fence of iron bars about four feet high incloses the culch.

The bomb was placed on the culch at about 5.30 last evening. Mr. Stevenson had gone home.

Before he had time to jump out of his chair he experienced a sharp shock and heard one dull report like the simultaneous explosion of a dozen giant firecrackers. It left him tottering about the office.

At first he thought it was an earthquake. Then he remembered that the last earthquake had not affected him that way, and concluded that a boiler had exploded in the engine-room. He rushed in there to find everything all right, but the working men were terribly alarmed.

Next he rushed into the street, and found a crowd of people standing around, frightened dumb. No one seemed to know what had occurred.

Every window in the south side of the five-story house, owned by Mr. Stevenson's uncle, on the northwest corner of Fortieth street and Tenth avenue, had been blown out, and all, as clean as if cut out with chisels.

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WEIGHING UP LE CARON.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S ESTIMATE OF THAT BRITISH SPY.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.)  
BOSTON, Feb. 8.—The testimony given by Beach, alias Le Caron, the British spy, before the Parnell Commission has greatly excited the Irish-Americans.

Those who are familiar with the many meetings to which Le Caron has given significance in his testimony are especially indignant.

An EVENING WORLD correspondent interviewed several of Boston's leading Irish citizens this morning in reference to the subject.

The opinions of John Boyle O'Reilly and Deputy Collector Fitzgerald are probably of the most interest there, though similar explanatory statements were made by many others.

Think of Alexander Sullivan, whose directness is proverbial, telling a shifty French apothecary that he was engaged in a scheme to blow up Long's Bridge.

Those who are familiar with the many meetings to which Le Caron has given significance in his testimony are especially indignant.

That only such men as Le Caron can as easily be trusted as the most honest of men is a tribute to the Irish leader's character," said he.

"It was by the merest accident," said he, "that we found we were being robbed."

"One morning about the middle of December I was talking with a young man, whose name I do not at present care to mention, when he started me by saying: 'You are being robbed every day.'"

"I pressed him to tell me what he meant, and he said that tickets which had once been used were being dropped in the boxes the second time."

"We made an examination, and found that it was as our informant had stated. We found tickets in the boxes which had been run through the chopper the second time."

"Then a watch was placed on the different stations, and as a result two young men were spotted passing the spurious tickets."

"Through our investigation we found that the tickets had been stolen last Summer, by whom, we can't say, neither can we find out how many tickets were stolen."

"We traced the tickets to others, but no evidence could then be obtained on which they could be convicted."

"The tickets are collected from the boxes and sent to this office, where they are looked over and destroyed. We don't suspect any of our employees, and yet I can't say how any outsider could obtain any tickets after they have been once used."

"Continuing, Mr. Pollock said that the chipping marks in the tickets could be obliterated by simply running a hot iron over them."

"One of those whom he suspected had obtained the advice of counsel in the matter, and is lying low."

"At present none of the stolen pasteboards are being used, and the tickets which have been run out and the thieves are unable to get more."

"The Company has a clue to the thief, and an offer of a reward was put up to secure positive evidence."

His FIRST JOB IN MONTHS.  
William Fitzgerald Rescues a Little Girl from Peril at a Fire.

When fire broke out in the rear of Julius Crager's clothing store, 24 Bowery, at 8.22 last night, William E. Fitzgerald, of 22 Bowery, saw the smoke. He attracted the attention of the nearest policeman, who sounded the alarm, and then he dashed upstairs, alarmed the inmates.

It was a three-story building, and on the top floor Fitzgerald found Mrs. Ralph and her two children. He seized a four-year-old girl in his arms and carried her downstairs and out of danger.

As he descended he saw her frightened and thankful mother he remarked, bitterly: "That is the first job I've had in four months. I'm a truck driver, who has been out of work all winter. I'd snap at a job as quick as I did this one."

DEVASTATION AND RUIN IN ROME.  
Streets Through Which the Mob Marched—The Vatican Guarded by Troops.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)  
ROME, Feb. 9.—The streets through which the mob marched in yesterday's outbreak present to-day a scene of devastation, and the loss by property destroyed in shops and along the way will be very large.

The rioters endeavored to make their way to the Quirinal and the Vatican, but they were repulsed by the fire troops.

There is much dissatisfaction expressed at the weakness displayed by the Government in repressing the riot.

THAT MINE OF FABULOUS RICHNESS.  
It Turns Out to Be Good for Agricultural Uses Only.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)  
LONDON, Feb. 9.—The West Midlands Gold and Exploration Company, one of the many South African corporations whose stocks and bonds have been successfully floated here, has collapsed.

LAST EDITION.

FERRY FRAUDS.

Staten Island's Rapid Transit Company Badly Victimized.

Twice-Used and Stolen Tickets Found in the Boxes.

A Reward Offered for the Solution of the Mystery.

A mysterious robbery of ferry tickets from the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company was made public this morning by the officers of that corporation.

In all the depots along the line and in the ferry-houses the following notice, printed in big black letters, was posted:

STATEN ISLAND RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY.  
RAILROAD POLICE.  
OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT,  
NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1899.  
\$1000 REWARD.

Tickets of this Company which have been used once have been offered a second time for sale on the road. Such tickets have been stolen from the Company and the above reward is offered for testimony that will detect and convict the thief.

Communications addressed to the undersigned giving information as to the improper use of tickets will be held strictly confidential.

THE COMPANY WILL ALSO PAY \$1000 REWARD for information sufficient to convict any outside party dealing in these tickets, which is an offense under the law.

No person is authorized to sell tickets for this Company except the agents at its regular offices. A REASONABLE REWARD will be paid for information that will lead to the conviction of any person not duly authorized by the Company.

FRANK S. GANNON, General Superintendent.  
To an EVENING WORLD reporter Mr. R. W. Pollock, the General Traffic